

# The Mirror

OF

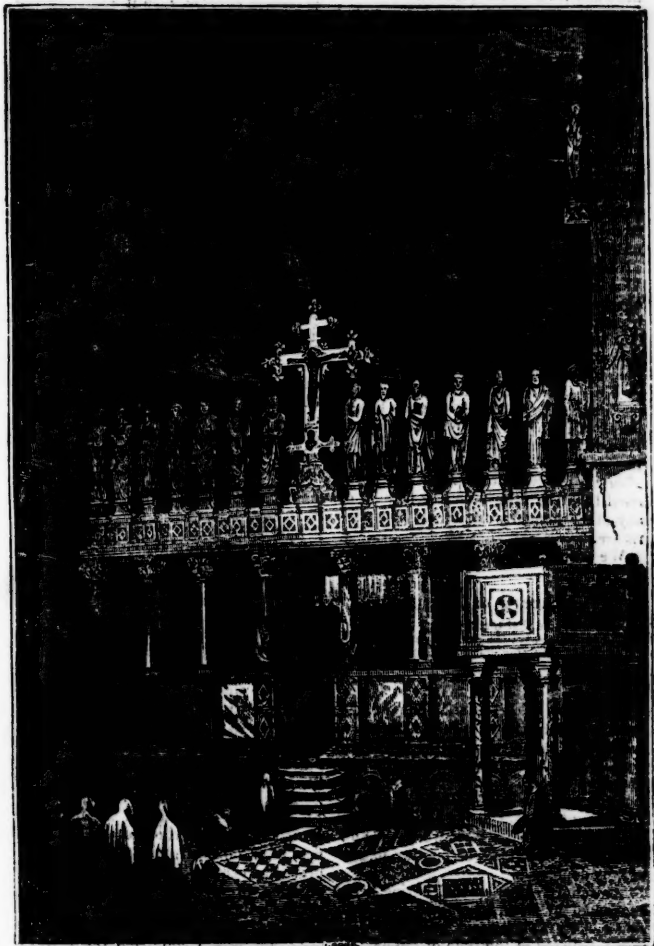
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]

## The Church of St. Mark. Venice.



## SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1831.

## The Landscape Annual.

PEOPLE who "run and read" need not be told that the annexed Engraving is from the Frontispiece-plate of the *Landscape Annual*, now to be seen at the head and front of the printsellers. The subject is at once striking, and somewhat elaborate; and our artists have spared no pains in transferring it, so as to extend the fame and credit of the draughtsman, engraver, and publishers concerned in its production.

The *Landscape Annual*, as we last year sought to explain, is the most useful of all the yearly elegancies; and, for the tourist's *catèche*, or the drawing-room reading-table, a more fitting appendage can scarcely be devised. The Plates, twenty-six in number, have been executed under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath, from Drawings by Mr. S. Prout. The general style of the Engraving is chaste and forcible, with fewer sudden transitions of light and shade than usual. Yet the subjects stand forth well, and the points of view and groupings are peculiarly happy. The scenes are ten in Venice, and the remainder in Rome and its vicinity. The descriptive letterpress is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe. We mention this specially, as the duties of editor of the *Landscape Annual* involve more pains and judgment than the discriminating labours of any other annual work of art and literature.

We proceed to the description of the Engraving:—

## THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

In that temple porch  
(The brass is gone, the porphyry remains)  
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,  
And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot  
Of the proud pontiff. ROBERTS.

THE church of St. Mark, one of the most celebrated temples in the Christian world, was originally built in the ninth century, when Giovanni Partecipatio was Doge of Venice. The *breve*, or inscription, in the hall of the Great Council, recording the deeds of the doges, alludes to this fact in the following words—"Sub me Ecclesia Sancti Marci conditur, ibique corpus deponitur."

The church thus erected having been consumed by fire in the year 976, was replaced by the present edifice, which was completed in the time of Domenico Silvio, who was elected doge in 1071. It exhibits a singular mixture of classical and oriental architecture, which has

been severely, but justly criticised by Mr. Forsyth. "Though most of its materials came from Greece, their combination is neither Greek, nor Gothic, nor Basilical, nor Saracenic, but a fortuitous jumble of all. A front, divided by a gallery, and a roof, hooded with mosquish cupolas, give it a strange unchristian look. Nowhere have I seen so many columns crowded into so small a space. Near three hundred are stuck on the pillars of the front, and three hundred more on the balustrade above. A like profusion prevails in the interior, which is dark, heavy, barbarous, nay, poor, in spite of all the porphyry, and oriental marbles, and glaring mosaics that would enrich the walls, the vaults, and pavements. In fact, such a variety of colours would impair the effect of the purest architecture."

"Being come into the church," says Evelyn, "you see nothing and tread on nothing but what is precious. The floor is all inlaid with agates, lazulis, calcedons, jaspers, porphyries, and other rich marbles, admirable also for the work: the walls sumptuously incrustated, and presenting to the imagination the shapes of men, birds, houses, flowers, and a thousand varieties. The roof is of most excellent mosaic. But what most persons admire, is the new work of the emblematic tree at the other passage out of the church. In the midst of this rich volto rise five cupolas, the middle very large, and sustained by thirty-six marble columns, eight of which are of precious marbles; under these cupolas is the high altar, on which is a reliquary of several sorts of jewels, engraven with figures after the Greek manner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is covered with a canopy of ophir, on which is sculptured the story of the Bible, and so on the pillars, which are of Parian marble, that support it. Behind these are four other columns of transparent and true oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the ruins of Solomon's temple."

The mosaic work in the church of St. Mark was introduced by the Doge Domenico Silvio, who restored the edifice, after its destruction by fire in the preceding century, but the more splendid mosaics which adorn its walls were executed, in the year 1545, by two brothers of the name of Zuccati, who worked under the direction and from the designs of Titian.

Speaking of the mosaics which decorate this church, Lanzi says—"The art

of mosaic work in stone and coloured glass at that time attained such a degree of perfection in Venice, that Vesuri observed, with surprise, that it would not be possible to effect more with colours. The church and portico of St. Mark remain an invaluable museum of the kind, where, commencing with the eleventh century, we may trace the gradual progress of design belonging to each age up to the present, as exhibited in many works in mosaic, beginning from the Greeks, and continued by the Italians. They chiefly consist of histories from the Old and New Testament, recent, and at the same time furnish very interesting notices relating to civil and ecclesiastical antiquity."

The church of St. Mark was long celebrated as being the depository of the Evangelist's body, of the translation of which to Venice a singular account is given in one of the ancient Italian historians. The King of Alexandria having resolved to build a palace, collected the most precious materials from every side for that purpose, and did not even spare the church of St. Mark, where the body of the Evangelist reposed. It happened that at this period two Venetians, Bono de Malamocco and Rustico de Torcello, visiting the church, were struck with the grief exhibited by the attendant priests, and inquired into its cause. Learning their apprehensions of the church being despoiled, the strangers entreated from them permission to remove the relics of the saint, not only promising them a large reward, but also the lasting gratitude of their fellow-citizens, the Venetians. The priests at first met their request with a decided negative; but when they perceived the servants of the king busily employed in demolishing the sacred edifice, they yielded to the instances of the Italians. The difficulty now was to convey the body on board one of the Venetian ships, of which there were several in the port of Alexandria, and at the same time to conceal the circumstance from the knowledge of the inhabitants, who held the remains of the Evangelist in high veneration, on account of the miracles which were performed through their agency. The body of St. Luke being removed, was replaced by that of St. Claudian; but a miraculous perfume which spread itself through the church when the holy relics were brought to light nearly betrayed the removal. In transporting the body through the city to the port, it became necessary to adopt some expedient which should prevent the curiosity both

of the infidels and of the Christians from being awakened. The body was accordingly deposited in a large hamper, surrounded with vegetables, and covered with pieces of pork, an article which every good Mussulman holds in abhorrence. Those who accompanied the hamper were ordered to cry *Khanzir* as they went, which, in the oriental tongue, signified pork. Having succeeded in reaching the vessels, the precious burden was suspended in the shrouds, to prevent discovery, till the ship put to sea. Scarcely had the Venetians left the port when an awful storm arose; and had not the Evangelist himself appeared to Bono de Malamocco, and advised him to furl his sails, the vessel must have been lost. On their arrival at Venice, the whole city was transported with joy. The presence of the saint promised perpetual splendour to the republic. The body was received by the senate with the same words with which his Master had saluted the saint in prison—"Peace be unto thee, Mark, my Evangelist!" Venice was filled with festivals, music, and prayers, and the holy relics were conducted, amidst hymns and incense, to the ducal chapel. The Doge, Giustiniano Participatio, dying a short time after this event, bequeathed a sum of money to build a church to the saint, which, as we have seen, was accomplished under his brother and successor, Giovanni Participatio. In allusion to these translations of the saint's body, the *breve* attached to the name of Giustiniano Participatio, in the hall of the Great Council, exhibits the following inscription:

*Corporis alta datur mihi Sancti gratia Marci.*

The funzioni, or great religious offices of the church, have always been performed with splendour and magnificence in the church of St. Mark.—Upon one occasion it is said, that, during the elevation of the host, the senate, who assisted at the ceremony, and the whole assembly kneeling, a scrupulous English gentleman remained standing. A senator sent a message to him, desiring him to kneel, but our countryman disregarded the intimation. The senator then going to him in person, repeated his request. "Sir," said the Englishman, "I don't hold with transubstantiation." "Ne anche io," said the senator, warmly, "*però ginocchione, a fuor di chiesa.*" "Nor I either; but down on your knees, or get out of the church." During the performance of the same ceremony at Rome, and in the presence of the sovereign pontiff, Lady

Miller ventured upon this proof of stout protestantism, which was suffered to pass unnoticed. "Whilst standing, I looked about me, and as far as I could see all were on their knees. I turned myself towards the pontiff, and caught his eye; but he did not look sour at me, and seemed only to notice the singularity of my standing up; nor was I reprimanded afterwards, either by his Holiness or by any of the Romans."

In visiting the church of St. Mark, the treasury of the saint was always an object of great curiosity to travellers, more especially as the obtaining access to it was a matter of some difficulty. The keys of the treasury were committed to the custody of three procurators of St. Mark, the presence of one of whom was necessary whenever the doors were opened. The relics were contained in one room, and the jewels and other rich curiosities in another. The temporal treasury was formerly very rich, and the strangers who visited it were carefully watched. "At the showing of it," says Mr. Wright, "the procurator was closely present himself." It contained the *cornio*, or state-cap of the Doge, twelve golden breastplates, adorned with precious stones, and twelve crowns, said to have been worn by the maids of honour of the Empress Helena, together with several large and valuable gems. Howell, in his "Familiar Letters," tells us that he saw there "a huge iron chest, as tall as himself, that had no lock, but a crevice, through which they cast in the gold that was bequeathed to St. Mark in legacies, whereon there was engraved this proud motto:

Quando questo scrinio s' apria  
Tutto il mondo tremarà."

One of the most remarkable curiosities in the treasury of St. Mark is a very ancient copy of the Gospels, the handwriting of which the piety of the Venetians has attributed to their patron saint. This volume was carefully examined by the learned Montfaucon, who was of opinion that it was written upon papyrus, and that the language was the Latin, and not the Greek. The great antiquity of the manuscript, and its very imperfect preservation, rendered it extremely difficult to decipher any of the characters. Montfaucon, intimately acquainted as he was with MSS. tells us that he had never seen any MS. that seemed to be of greater antiquity than this. It was obtained by the Venetians from Friuli, and was conducted to the church of St. Mark amid the applause of the people and the ringing of bells.

Among the other relics which composed the celebrated treasure of this church, and which were regarded as of inestimable value by the Venetians, were a small quantity of the supposed blood of our Saviour; a cross of gold, adorned with precious stones, in the midst of which was fixed a piece of wood, said to have been part of the tree on which he suffered; one of the nails with which he was pierced; four of the thorns which composed his crown; a part of the column to which he was bound; a fragment of the skull of St. John the Baptist; besides a great variety of no less *veritable* remains. There were also deposited here a sapphire, weighing ten ounces, together with other precious stones of similar value, and a great number of candelabri and golden vases; and here was preserved the ducal crown, used only on the most solemn public festivals, and which astonished the spectators by the pearls and diamonds of inconceivable beauty with which it was covered.

We omit Mr. Roscoe's description of the mode of painting in mosaic, as we have already illustrated the arcana of that art at p. 439, vol. x. of *The Mirror*.

### The Keepsake

Is a worthy compeer of the splendid work last mentioned; and its gay fancies will agreeably alternate with the pleasant antiquities of Venice and Rome. "Lords and Ladies gay" waken to fill its pages, and even statesmen and men of great place figure in its list.\* There are 46 pieces and 18 plates. We quote two prose extracts; and a piece in verse from the facetious Theodore Hook.

### REMORSE.—A FRAGMENT.

#### By Lady Blessington.

No weapon can such deadly wounds impart  
As conscience, roused, inflicts upon the heart.

"POSTILION," cried a feeble but sweet voice, "turn to your right when you have ascended the hill, and stop, as I intend to walk up the lane."

The postilion obeyed the command, and with more gentleness than is often to be met with in his station, opened the chaise door, and, having first given his hand to her female attendant to alight, assisted a pale and languid, but still eminently beautiful woman, whose trembling limbs seemed scarcely equal to the task of supporting her attenuated frame. "Be so good as to remain here until

\* Lord John Russell, (*Paymaster General*), contributes ten lines of verse; and Lord Nugent, (*a Lord of the Treasury*), a humorous tale of thirty pages, "Mrs. Allington's Pic Nic."

"I return," said the lady, who, leaning on the arm of her attendant, proceeded through the leafy lane, the branches of whose verdant boundaries were animated by a thousand warbling birds sending forth their notes of joy. But ill did those gay notes accord with the feelings of her who traced this rural walk, every turn of which recalled bitter remembrances.

On reaching the gate that opened into the pleasure-grounds of Clairville, the stranger was obliged to pause and take breath, in order to regain some degree of composure before she could enter it. There are some objects and incidents, which, though comparatively trifling, have a powerful effect on the feelings, and this the unknown experienced when, pressing the secret spring of the gate, which readily yielded to her touch, with a hurried but tottering pace, she entered the grounds. Here, feeling the presence of her attendant a restraint—who, though an Italian utterly ignorant of English, as also of the early history of her mistress, was yet observant of her visible emotion, and affectionately anxious to soothe it—she desired her to remain at the gate until her return. In vain Francesca urged that the languid frame of her dear lady was unequal to support the exertion of walking without the assistance of her arm; with a firm but kind manner her mistress declared her intention of proceeding alone.

It was ten years since the feet of the wanderer had pressed the velvet turf over which they now slowly bent their course. She was then glowing with youth and health; happy, and dispensing happiness around; but, alas! love, guilty love! spread his bandage over her eyes, blinded her to the fatal realities of the abyss into which he was about to plunge her, and, in honied accents, whispered in her infatuated ear a thousand bland promises of bliss to come. How were those promises performed? and what was she now? She returned to this once cherished spot with a mind torn by remorse, and a form bowed down by disease. She returned with the internal conviction that death had laid his icy grasp on her heart, and that a few days at most, if not a few hours, must terminate her existence. But this conviction, far from giving her pain, was regarded by her as a source of consolation; and this last earthly indulgence—that of viewing the abode of her children—she did not feel herself worthy of enjoying, until conscious that her hours were numbered.

She proceeded through the beautiful grounds, every mazy path and graceful bend of which was familiar to her, as if seen the day before. Many of the improvements suggested by her taste, and still preserved with care, brought back heart-sickening recollections of love and confidence, repaid with deception and ingratitude; and though supported by the consolations of religion, which led her humbly to hope that her remorse and penitence had been accepted by Him who has promised mercy to the repentant sinner; yet her heart shrunk within her, as memory presented her with the review of her transgressions, and she almost feared to hope for pardon.

When she had reached a point of the grounds that commanded a prospect of the house, how were her feelings excited by a view of that well known, well remembered scene! Every thing wore the same appearance as when that mansion owned her for its mistress; the house had still the same aspect of substantial grandeur and repose, and the level lawn the same velvet texture, and the trees shrubs, and flowers, the same blooming freshness, as when she daily beheld their beauties. She, she alone was changed. Time was, that those doors would have been opened wide to receive her, and that her presence would have dispensed joy and pleasure to every individual beneath that roof; while now, her very name would excite only painful emotions, and its sound must be there heard no more. Another bore the title she once was proud to bear, supplying the place she had abandoned, and worthily discharging the duties she had left unperformed.

She gazed on the windows of the apartment in which she first became a mother, and all the tide of tenderness that then burst on her heart now came back to her, poisoned with the bitter consciousness of how she had fulfilled a mother's part. Those children dearer to her than the life-drops that throbbed in her veins, were now beneath that roof, receiving from another that affection and instruction that it should have been her blissful task to have given them, and never, never must she hope to clasp them to her agonized heart.

At this moment she saw the door of the house open, and a lady leaning on the arm of a gentleman crossed the lawn; he pressed the hand that reposed on his arm gently between his and raised it to his lips, while his fair companion placed her other hand on his with all the tender confidence of affection. In this apparently happy couple the ago-

nized unknown recognised him whom she once joyed to call husband, the father of her children, the partner whom she had betrayed and deserted; and her, whom he had chosen for her successor, who now bore the name she once answered to, and who was now discharging the duties she had violated. Religion and repentance had in her so conquered the selfishness of human nature, that after the first pang, and it was a bitter one, had passed away, she returned thanks with heartfelt fervour to the Author of all good, that it was permitted her to see him, whose repose she feared she had for ever destroyed, enjoying that happiness he so well merited; and ardent was the prayer she offered up, that a long continuance of it might be his lot, and that his present partner might repay him for all the pain caused by her misconduct.

She now turned into a shady walk, anxious to regain the support of her attendant's arm, which she felt her exhausted frame required, when the sounds of approaching voices warned her to conceal herself. Scarcely had she retired behind the shade of a luxuriant mass of laurels, when a youthful group drew near, the very sight of whom agitated her almost to fainting, and sent the blood back to her heart with a violence that threatened instant annihilation.

The group consisted of two lovely girls, their governess, and a blooming youth, on whom the two girls leant. Every turn of their healthful and beautiful countenances was expressive of joy and health; and their elastic and buoyant steps seemed scarcely to touch the turf, as, arm linked in arm, they passed along. The youngest, a rosy-cheeked girl of eleven years old, begged her companions to pause while she examined a bird's nest which she said she feared the parent-bird had forsaken; and this gave the heart-stricken mother, for those were the children of the unknown, an opportunity of regarding the treasures her soul yearned to embrace. How did her bosom throb at beholding those dear faces—faces so often presented to her in her troubled dreams!—Alas! they were now near her—she might, by extending her hand, touch them—she could almost feel their balmy breaths fan her feverish cheek, and yet it was denied her to approach them. All the pangs of maternal affection struck on her heart; her brain grew giddy, her respiration became oppressed, and, urged by all the frenzy of a distracted mother, she was on the point of rushing from her con-

cealment, and prostrating herself before her children.

But this natural though selfish impulse was quickly subdued, when a moment's reflection whispered to her, will you purchase your own temporary gratification at the expense of those dear beings whom you have so deeply injured? Will you plant in their innocent breasts an impression bitter and indelible? The mother triumphed over the woman, and, trembling with emotion, she prayed that those cherished objects might pass from her view, while yet she had strength and courage to enable her to persevere in her self-denial.

At this moment the little girl exclaimed, "Ah! my fears were too true; the cruel bird has deserted her nest, and here are the poor little ones nearly dead! What shall we do with them?"

"Let us carry them to our dear mamma," said the elder girl; "she will be sure to take care of them, as she says we should always pity and protect the helpless and forsaken."

The words of the children struck daggers to the heart of their wretched mother. For a moment she struggled against the blow, and, making a last effort, tried to reach the spot where she had left her attendant; but nature was exhausted, and she had only tottered a few paces, when, uttering a groan of anguish she fell to the earth bereft of life, just as Francesca arrived to see her unhappy mistress breathe her last sigh.

#### HAIDEE; OR, A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

*By Lord Porchester.*

THE following Story is not only founded on fact, but the circumstances recorded are strictly true. This is perhaps its sole merit:—

A broided cap was on her brow; beneath  
Her parted hair in rich profusion fell  
Over a neck of snow. The orient pearl,  
Pure emblem of her spotless mind; the flower  
Bright symbol of her joyous path, were twined  
Amid those flowing tresses. Night and morn  
Seem'd mingling there, so sable were her locks,  
So pale her marble brow. How fair she was—  
How envied, and how rich!—Rich in the gifts  
That art yields not, that gold can never buy;  
Rich in the faultless features of her race;  
Rich, if the fervent love of faithful friends  
Could make her wealthy. On that heavenly  
brow  
The high-born chieftain turn'd his rapturous  
gaze;  
The traveller felt the sunshine of her smile  
Light up his weary way; and, as she passed,  
The lowly hind forgot his wonted toil  
To greet her with his humble benison.

Such was the beautiful object which called forth this hasty effusion, as I saw her for the first time by the glorious



light of a southern sun, on the 4th of September, 1827. I met her shortly after my departure from Ovar; she was journeying towards Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and, as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted; they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and ear-rings of solid gold. The curious mixture of familiar dialogue and good-natured authority which appeared in her intercourse with them excited classical associations, illustrated the simple manners of an earlier age, and seemed to realize the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids: other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion. Her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. She was herself probably aware of the peculiar style of her beauty, for her costume might in some degree be considered classical, and unlike that usually worn in her country. It was, indeed, most admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple, but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young.

She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse, and the plighted couple met every evening under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family, and he arrived one evening at the trysting-place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they would be speedily united to part no more; but from that hour they never met again, either in sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal

alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested and conveyed to a place of strict confinement. There he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in the course of a few days, in spite of every exertion to save him.

She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in a woman's mind long after marriage; but, except in persons of deeply-rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child—from that hour the current of her thoughts becomes changed: new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise to banish former regrets, and

"She who lately loved the best,  
Too soon forgets she loved at all."

I observed in my pretty heroine a striking instance of those sudden bursts of quick and sensitive feeling, which seem inherent in the southern temperament. Although she spoke of her first ill-fated lover with calmness, almost with indifference, and confessed that she had long ceased to regret the difficulties which prevented their union, yet once, as she dwelt upon past scenes, and recalled a thousand instances of his boyish devotion, her voice changed, her dark eyes filled with tears, and her whole soul seemed to revert with undiminished affection to the object of her early love. Her emotion was but transient; yet I am convinced, that while it lasted she would have renounced every human being, to be restored to the unforgotten youth who had been the first to win her affections, and was then mouldering in the grave.

The *sombre* turn of these tales requires relief, and no pages of the volume are more to this purpose than

#### CHACUN A SON GOUT.

When dandies wore fine gilded clothes,  
And bags, and swords, and lace;  
And powder blanch'd the heads of beaux,  
And patches graced the face:

When two o'clock was time to drive  
To flirt it in Hyde Park;  
And not the finest folks alive  
Took morning drives till dark:

When people went to see the plays,  
And knew the names of players;  
And ladies wore long bony stays,  
And went about in chairs:

When belles with whalebone hoops and tapes  
Defied each vain endeavour  
To trace their forms, and made their shapes  
Much more like bells than ever:

When chaste salutes all folk exchanged  
(A custom worthy, such is said to be)  
And ladies to be served, stobd ranged,  
As kings would serve a duchess:

In those good days, a widow rare  
Astonish'd half the town:  
So gay, so sweet, so blithe and fair—  
Her name was Mistress Brown.

This widow Brown had diamond eyes,  
And teeth like rows of pearl;  
With lips that Hybla's bees might prize,  
And loves in every curl.

And more, this bewitching piece of earth  
(And she could make it clear)  
Had stock and property, quite worth  
Four thousand pounds a year.

As syrup in the summer's sun  
The buzzing fly attracts,  
So Mrs. Brown—the lonely one—  
Was subject to attacks:

And tall and short, and rich and poor,  
Pursued her up and down;  
And crowds of swains besieged the door  
Of charming Mrs. Brown.

Among the rest, a worthy knight  
Was constant in her suite;  
He was an alderman and knight,  
And lived in Fenchurch-street.

He wasn't young—if he's call'd old  
Who fifty-nine surpasses—  
He sugar-bought, and sugar sold,  
And treacle, and molasses.

But he was rich, dress'd à la mode, was gay,  
And mighty well to do;  
And at each turn was woe to say—  
Hah! *Chacun à son goût*.

This was his phrase—it don't mean much,  
He thought it rather witty;  
And, for an alderman, a touch  
A bit above the city.

Sir Samuel Snob—that was his name—  
Three times to Mrs. Brown  
Had ventured just to hint his flame,  
And thrice received—a frown.

Once more Sir Sam resolved to try  
What winning ways would do:  
If she would not, he would not die,  
For—*chacun à son goût*.

He sallied forth in gilded coach;  
And to those heavy drags,  
No stylish knight made his approach  
Without his four fat nags.

But gout and sixty well-scent years  
Had made his knightship tame,  
And, spite of flannel, crutch, and caren,  
Sir Sam was very lame.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" said he.  
The servant answer'd "Yes."  
"To-night, then," murmur'd he, "shall see  
My misery or bliss."

And up he went—though slow, yet sure,  
And there was Mrs. Brown  
Delighting—then, he's quite secure!  
The widow is alone.

Close to the sofa where she sat  
Sir Snobby drew his seat;  
Rested his crutch, laid down his hat,  
And look'd prodigious sweet.

But silence, test of virgin love,  
A widow does not suit.  
And Mrs. Brown did not approve  
Courtship so mild and mute.

The man of sugar by her look  
Perceived the course to take:  
He smil'd—she smil'd—the hint he took,  
And on that hint he spake.

"Madam," said he—"I know," she cried,  
"I'll save you half your job;  
I've seen it—though I figure you've tried—  
You want a Lady Snob!"

"Exactly as anello fair!"  
You've hit it in a trice!  
Where can I find one—where, oh! where,  
So fit as Mrs. B.?"

The dame was fluster'd, look'd aside,  
Then blushing look'd down,  
But as Sir Snob her beauties eyed,  
He saw no chilling frown.

At length she said, "I'll tell you plain  
(The thing of folly savours)—  
But he who hopes my heart to gain  
Must grant me two small favours."

"Two?" cries the knight—"how very kind!  
Say fifty—I'm efficient!"  
"No," said the dame, "I think you'll find  
The two I mean, sufficient."

"Name them!" said Snob—"I will," she cried,  
"And this the first must be:  
Pay homage to a woman's pride  
Down on your bended knee!"

"And when that homage you have done,  
And half performed your task,  
Then shall you know the other boon:  
Which I propose to ask."

"Comply with this," the widow cries,  
"My hand is yours for ever!"  
"Madam," says Snob, and smiles and sighs,  
"I'll do my best endeavour."

Down on his knee Sir Snobby went,  
His chair behind him tumbled,  
His sword betwixt his legs was bent,  
His left-hand crutch was humbled.

He seized the widow's lily hand  
Roughly, as he would storm it:  
"Now, lady, give your next command,  
And trust me, I'll perform it."

She bit her fan, she hid her face,  
And—widows have no feeling—  
Enjoying Snobby's piteous case,  
Was pleased to keep him kneeling.

A minute pass'd—"Oh speak! Oh speak!"  
Said Snob—"dear soul, relieve me!"  
(His knee was waxing wondrous weak)  
"Your *ne plus ultra* give me!"

"One half fulfill'd," says Mrs. Brown,  
"I shall not ask in vain.  
For 'other favour'—now you're down,  
Sir Snob—*get up again!*"

Vain the request—the knight was floor'd;  
And—what a want of feeling—  
The lady scream'd, while Snobby roar'd,  
And still continued kneeling.

The widow rang for maids and men,  
Who came; 'midst shouts of laughter,  
To raise her lover up again,  
And show him down stairs after.

They got him on his feet once more,  
Gave him his crutch and hat;  
Told him his coach was at the door—  
A killing hint was that.

"Such tricks as these are idly tried,"  
Said Snob—"I'm off—adieu!"  
To wound men's feelings, hurt their pride,  
But—*Chacun à son goût*.

"Forgive me, knight," the widow said,  
As he was bowing out;  
"Your '*Chacun à son goût*,' I read  
As—*Chacun à son goût*."

"That you could not your pledge redeem  
I grieve, most worthy knight—  
A nurse is what you want, I deem;  
And so, sweet sir, good night."



He went—was taken to his room—  
To bed in tears was carried;  
And the next day to Betsy Broom,  
His housekeeper, was married.

The widow Brown, so goes the song,  
In three weeks dried her tears,  
And married Colonel Roger Long,  
Of the Royal Grenadiers.

Thus suited both, the tale ends well,  
As all tales ought to do;  
The knight's revenged, well pleased the belle—  
So—*Chacun à son goût*.

We intended to leave the Plates to their own showing; but it would be treasonable to be silent on such merit. The Frontispiece is Haidee, the heroine of one of our extracts; by C. Heath, after Eastlake. The Title-page is a classic medallion, in a frame-work of much chasteness, by H. Corbould. Juliet, painted by Miss Sharpe, and engraved by T. C. Edwards, is a fine impersonation of Italian beauty. Mima, a village girl seated at a *spring*, curiously enough "*drawn by Cristall*," is delicately engraved by Charles Heath. The Use of Tears, by C. Rolls, painted by Bonington, is excellently engraved, but it deserves a better accompaniment or illustration than is given to it. Nestor and Tydides, at the siege of Troy, is a striking scene, after Westall; yet we question whether its details will bear scrutiny. The Sea-shore, Cornwall, engraved by W. Miller, after Bonington, is one of the most exquisite pictures ever beheld: its *nature* is worth all the tinsel of fancy subjects. How this little print will delight our sea-loving and shore-haunting Correspondent, Vyvyan. Adelaide, a romping little girl, is in Chalon's romping style, and well engraved by Heath: yet how can the foot and leg be reconciled with the head, neck, and arms? Turner has contributed two fine river scenes—the famous city of Nantes, and the little town of Saumur, on the Loire: both are superbly engraved. The interior of Milan Cathedral is next, in which the vastness and minute beauty of the architecture are admirably combined, as well as aided by the contrasting emmet congregation: it is drawn by Prout, and executed by Wallis, the engraver of St. Mark's Chapel, in the *Landscape Annual*. Two *intriguing* plates succeed: the Secret, after Smirke; a pair of female listeners at a closed door, and a chair with hat, cane, and handkerchief make up the print; yet what interest do they bespeak. The other subject illustrates *Chacun à Son Goût*, with the city knight "*in a fine frenzy*" stamping, the beauteous Mrs. B. and, of course, a peeping and listening Abigail

at the door. The artist is Stephanoff, and the engraver F. Bacon.

### The Iris.

THE present volume is quite equal to its predecessor, and, though we have room to extract from it but charily, we must spare room for notice of its Engravings. They are chiefly from the old masters: thus, St. John, after Dominichino; by Findes; Virgin and Child, after Correggio, by A. Fox; Poussin's Deluge, by E. J. Roberts; Christ blessing the bread, after C. Dolci, by W. Ensom; Infant St. John, after Murillo, by S. Davenport; Rembrandt and the Pieces, by Haddon; and Titian's Christ and Mary, by Ensom; added are West's Nathan and David, and Sir Joshua Reynolds' "*Nativity*"—all are for the most part, admirably managed. The engraving of one of them actually cost the proprietor one hundred guineas!

The Editor, the Rev. T. Dale, contributes more than editors generally, and his pieces are worthy of his devoutly-elegant pen. We quote

#### DALE ABBEY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A solitary Arch, standing in the midst of an open meadow, and a small Oratory, more ancient than the dilapidated monastery itself, and now the chapel for the hamlet, are alone conspicuous, of all the magnificent structures which once occupied this ground. The site is about five miles south-east of Derby.

#### I.

Thy glory hath departed from thee, Dale!  
Thy gorgeous pageant of Monastic pride—  
—A Power, that once the power of Kings defied,  
Which truth and reason might in vain assail,  
In mock humility, usurped this vale,  
And lorded o'er the region far and wide—  
Darkness to light, evil to good, allied,  
Had wrought a charm which made all hearts to quail.

What gave that Power dominion o'er this ground,  
Age after age?—The word of God was bound.  
—At length the mighty Captive burst from thrall,  
O'erturned the spiritual Bastile in its march,  
And left, of ancient grandeur, this sole Arch,  
Whose stones cry out, "Thus Babylon herself  
shall fall."

#### II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,  
Methinks the frail yet firm memorial stands—  
The work of hands laid low, and buried hands—  
Now slowly moldering to the touch of time,  
It looks abroad, unconsciously sublime,  
Where sky above, and earth below, expands—  
And yet a nobler relic still demands  
The grateful tribute of a passing rhyme.

Beneath yon cliff, an humble roof behold!  
Poor as our Saviour's birthplace: yet the fold,  
Where the Good Shepherd, in this quiet vale,  
Gathers his flock, and feeds them, as of old,  
With bread from heaven—I change my note;  
All hail!  
The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Dale!  
Saffield, 1830.

Our prose extract is from a forcibly-written paper "Recollections of a Murderer;" we dislike a fragment, but here cannot avoid it:

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A MURDERER.

Our counsel was taken together—the plan was at my instigation—the measures for accomplishing it were chiefly directed by me. But on the horrible night, when my fellow-ruffian accomplished our joint purpose, I stood aloof through cowardice or caution; and when subsequently he was arrested for the murder which he had committed, avarice absorbed all other feelings, and my evidence in a court of justice doomed him to death.

We had been schoolfellows, and he once had traits of character which rendered him a choice companion and gentle friend: even in his debasement, a vein of that original purity remained; and as I went down from the witness-box, his eye fell upon me, and I read on his suffering countenance, a tale of other days. There was no vindictive passion towards his betrayer; he was sorrowful, but calm; and in silence he gave me a token that he had pardoned his treacherous comrade.

One event, that even now would curdle up the blood in a thousand veins, if for a moment thought upon, was, as it were, the seal set upon my misery. I entered into a vulgar alehouse, and seated myself in a side parlour, to be away whilst it was possible, from the ordinary haunt of village tipplers. The furniture or arrangement of the room did not provoke my observation. The boy brought me what I ordered, and as he left the room, loitered in the doorway to examine my appearance, as I afterwards discovered, though I was then unconscious of his motive. When I looked up, he retreated; but his stupid eye was glistening with unwonted insignificance. Presently, another came into the apartment, for some foolish pretence; sauntered here and there, and went away in much the same manner. Lastly, the master of the house himself advanced, and stood full fronting me for a minute or two, with his eyes raised above my head, and uttering a few words to me about ordinary matters, as if to allay my suspicions, and concluding with some such sentence as this, with which he broke forth, abruptly and incoherently—"Nonsense!—It cannot be! I said so before; it cannot be the same!"—he left me to myself, and I rose, to ascertain if possible the meaning of this

mystery. It was soon apparent. Suspended against the wall, immediately above my head, was a rude, harsh print, freshly fitted to an old frame, and my own name was under it in huge letters, with a sentence lower down, in smaller characters, announcing the particulars of my recent life. The lineaments were coarse and ill-favoured, as the artist would naturally ascribe to such a character; but the resemblance might be confidently traced. My soul sunk into its uttermost depths, for I knew that my concealment could no longer be hoped for; I knew that my label was on my forehead—my curse was everywhere!

#### The Gem,

With the judicious aid of Mr. Cooper, the Royal Academician, ranks high as a work of art. The literature is not far below in merit. One of the prints, the Portrait of a Boy, engraved by Thomson, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, is in itself a gem; the young Crab-catchers, from Collins, is next; Bothwell Brigg and the Standard-bearer, two battle-pieces, by Mr. Cooper, are spirited productions; and La Tour du Marche, at Bergues, near Dunkirk, is engraved in masterly style by W. J. Cooke, from a drawing by Bonington. The List of Contributors does not include any titled writers; but the papers are pleasant, light, sparkling, and occasionally grave. Our extract is

#### LA TOUR DU MARCHE, BERGUES.

By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

BERGUES, or Berg St. Vinox, is a fortified town situated upon the river Colne, in French Flanders. It lies to the east of Gravelines, not far from the city of Calais, and twenty leagues north-west of Douay; is a place of considerable strength, the fortifications having been constructed by the celebrated Vauban; and, from a late census, it is stated to contain 5,667 inhabitants. Bergues is, moreover, considered a chief town of the district, licensed by the Government to conduct the public posts; has a regular office; and, from the frequency and activity of its fairs, is much resorted to by neighbouring proprietors and farmers: while its manufactories of lace, and its tanneries, tend still farther to promote the interests of trade.

Among the public buildings, its ancient church, with the market-house and tower, afford the most conspicuous objects; and the first impression on the eye of the tourist is at once imposing and picturesque.

In addition to the market-fairs, which are held at Bergues no less than eight times during the year, there prevails among the adjacent villages an immemorial custom of celebrating an annual festival, said to have been first introduced from France, called the "Fête of the Rose." Somewhat resembling, in the ceremonies, the feasts of our old English village greens, and most, perhaps, that of electing a Queen of the May; it is, nevertheless, very distinct in its object and tendency. The Rose-maiden, as she is prettily designated, who is selected to wear the triumphal wreath, and to preside as queen of the day, aspires to the distinction, not by virtue of superior beauty, station, or influence in the place, but of the reputation she has acquired for filial and domestic virtues; her gentle and obliging manners; in short, for all that makes a girl favourably reported of in her native village. According to an oral tradition, one of these annual festivals was made memorable by the occurrence of some singular incidents, and as singular a discovery, hardly to be anticipated by the chief personages who figured in the humble drama.

In the year 1765, General Muffeldorf, an old campaigner in the wars of the great Frederick, arrived at his family mansion in the vicinity of Bergues. He was evidently suffering under depression of spirits, as well as a shattered frame; and he brought with him his friend Count Lindenkron, an old courtier of the Viennese school, whose merry mood marked him a rare exception to the usual line of Austrian thick lips and wits obtuse. As a preparation for cultivating the arts of peace, the general was recommended by his friend to mingle in the approaching festivities: it was the eve of the Rose-festival; and it was reported that the prize of merit would be awarded to one of the worthy pastor's daughters. The young Evelina bore the most enviable character: she had punctually fulfilled her every duty with unwearied gentleness and assiduity; she was beloved by all for her benevolence; she visited the poor, instructed their children, raised subscriptions, for every object of good, among the neighbouring gentry; and, always eager and enthusiastic in a right cause, she was at once the pride and the life of the hamlet.

Delighted with the account he heard, the good old general commissioned his friend to pay a visit to Evelina and the pastor, and to offer, on his behalf, the free use of the noble lawn, and the hall itself, as the scene of the next day's

election. The proposal was accordingly tendered to the ladies' committee, and accepted: the ancient courtier was enraptured with the beauty and manners of the fair candidate; and he still lingered, after performing his mission, to converse with her. He regretted that he had not yet seen the village church; and the pastor being from home, Evelina, at her mother's request, instantly took down the keys, and offered to show him through the edifice. Expressing his gratitude in the most profuse terms, the count attended her to the church; and, having seen every thing worthy notice, turned to depart, when, just on reaching the door, he had the temerity to offer her a salute; and the next instant found himself locked inside the church, with a parting slap of a fair hand tingling on his cheek. Here the count had full leisure to indulge his taste for church architecture, instead of drinking tea with his friend the general, who was now impatiently looking for his return; but he looked in vain. It grew dark; but no Count Lindenkron made his appearance. Meantime, in fast durance, the courtier of the old school began to feel uneasy as the shades of night advanced: he could see nothing distinctly; but what he did see, seemed very like the ghosts of deceased elders, coming out of the vaults to read him a grave lecture on the wicked gallantry of the old courts. The shadowy forms of ancient apostles appeared to be leaving their marble stations: strange noises were heard; and fancy was about to run away with him on her witch's broom. In this delectable state he had crawled to the doors, and begun to batter them, crying, at the top of his voice, "*Ghosts and murder!*" and with so much emphasis, that the words reached the ears of the worthy pastor, as he was jogging by, on his way home. He made a full stop. "*Ghosts and murder!*" he ejaculated, as he heard the words repeated—"and in my church!—that is very shocking!—very odd!" Instead of going nearer, however, he only spurred on the faster, thinking it was of no use to examine into the cause before he had got the church keys, if he did it at all.

On entering his own door, Evelina came forward and handed him the said keys; but the pastor involuntarily refused them, exclaiming, in an uneasy tone, "What makes you think I am going to church to-night, child?"

"You must go, dear father: I have a particular reason for it."

"And I may have a particular reason for not going," rejoined the pastor.

"and assuredly either you, or your mother, or our old sexton, or all of you, shall go with me; I heard strange noises as I came by."

"Yes, yes! I dare say," replied his daughter; and, taking her father's arm, she related to him what had occurred in his absence, as they went along. Greatly comforted, in one sense, the worthy pastor thanked Heaven that matters were no worse, and hastened his steps to release the unfortunate count.

The moment the church-door was unfastened, out bolted the captive like an arrow shot from a bow, as if pursued by a legion of demons, nor looked once behind him until he had reached the general's, who had almost given him up for lost. Swift as he had come, however, the count had time to invent a story by the way; for he assured the general he had been locked in the church by the sexton, and quite by mistake. It passed with the good old general, who even commiserated the poor count's mishap; while the latter secretly vowed vengeance on the fair cause of his disaster and alarm.

The morning at length appeared, and the general was first roused by the blast of a trumpet under his windows, answered by the peals of a great drum. He looked out and beheld, with astonishment, the most singular company he had ever seen upon parade—literally a skeleton regiment. It consisted of about twenty old, shrivelled, broken-down soldiers—a true invalided corps, most fit for the body-guard of death. They were almost buried in their wide regimentals, old cocked hats, and huge perukes. They were armed in an equally ludicrous style, while their colours flourished in the grasp of an ugly hunch-backed little ensign. Their commander, advancing in front, mounted on a richly caparisoned donkey, answered the queries of the general, by informing him that they were a detachment of an inviolated regiment at Bergues, despatched thither by the general's friend, colonel Solnitz, to do honour to the festival, and preserve peace during the election.

"Just as well qualified for the one as the other," returned the general to the dwarfish officer; "and though I had no idea of calling out the military on this occasion, I will furnish you with some rations, for which, I suspect, you are much better prepared than for fighting: so march, quick time, to my house-steward; he will be your commissary." The general had no need to repeat his request: they suddenly disappeared.

The festival was ushered in by a fine cloudless day. The good and lovely Evelina was conducted from her residence with great pomp. Her fine Auburn tresses were wreathed with flowers; flowers were strewed along her path. Upon the green lawn, bedecked as the place of coronation, the pastor addressed the spectators in a short impressive discourse, pointing out the superior advantages of a course of prudent and virtuous conduct, as contrasted with an opposite career. The general next placed the rose-crown on the fair maiden's brows, little dreaming, at the moment, he was bestowing the prize of excellence on his own long-lost child, whose fate, and that of her mother, he had vainly mourned for years. As little could he have conjectured that his ancient friend count Lindenkrone, the courtier, would be the cause—hardly, we fear, the innocent cause, of making so interesting a discovery; for a certain feeling of revenge was still lurking in his heart, on account of the fright Evelina had thrown him into the day before. He had matured his design; and such was the happy sequel of it.

After the festivities of the day, the parties had withdrawn late in the evening into the castle. While there engaged in different amusing games and dances, Evelina was informed that a fine lady wished to speak with her in another apartment. She followed her informant's steps, and was conducted into the presence of the strange lady, who requested her to be seated near her. She was alone: she threw her arms round Evelina, and saluted her most warmly. The fair girl shrunk back intimidated, but was terrified at being clasped closer in the lady's arms than before. She shrieked out repeatedly; and, the next moment, Erick, the young forester, (and her reputed lover), rushed into the room, and, observing the sleeves of a man's coat under the strange lady's gown, instantly knocked her down, and released the trembling Evelina.

No sooner had Erick performed this feat, than in hobbled a party of the skeleton regiment, and boldly took up a position, with a demonstration to seize upon the young forester. But the athletic champion warned them off, begging they "would not compel him to lay a heavy hand upon so respectable a body of veterans; for if they did not respect his person, he would shuffle them all together like a pack of cards, and throw them out of the window." But the count, now rising, joined their standard, and encouraged them to the at-

tack; and, the old general rushing in at the same moment, a scene took place that beggars all description: Evelina fainting—Erick swearing—the count without his wig, mopping and mowing like a monkey, in a lady's dress—and the veteran invalids shouldering their crutches, "showing how fields were not won." In the midst of all this hubbub, in burst another personage, a lady in deep mourning, exclaiming, "My daughter! where is my long-lost daughter?" She withdrew her veil, and the general started and uttered an exclamation of terror, as he gazed on her countenance. "Adelaide! my own! my lost one! is it true? Alas! I believed you had been long dead."

"The lady seemed little less surprised. "False, treacherous Mowbray!" she cried, "false to your trust as a husband and a father;—how could you desert us? I, too, believed you fallen in battle; and had it not been for the excellent pastor, who adopted my little Evelina as his child, we had never lived to reproach you."

"Alas!" returned the general, "you cannot reproach me so severely as my own conscience has done. Yet, believe me, I have again and again sought to discover you. I was even assured both you and my child were dead; but thus to meet is an over-payment for all our sufferings."

The general clasped to his bosom his weeping wife and daughter; the veterans were ordered to counter-march; the old count slunk away to adjust his gown; and young Erick, taking Evelina's hand, sank upon his knees before the general, and entreated his blessing.

### The Winter's Wealth

CONTAINS seventy pieces, varying but little in point of merit, and altogether of attractive character. The plates may take their stand even by the golden Keepsake, and, proportioned to the price, they are even of finer execution. They are from beautiful pictures in private collections in the country. In fine, the provinces appear chiefly to have furnished the literature as well as the art of the volume; since few of the contributors owe their fame to the hotbed of our metropolis; and the volume emanates from Liverpool.

We have selected a tale of pleasant antiquarianism, by the author of "London in the Olden Time;" and a verse-piece of singular beauty, by Mrs. J. H. Wiffen, the elegant translator of Tasso.

AN OLD MAN'S MESSAGE.—THREE PAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE LADY OF BRADGATE.

By the Author of "London in the Olden Time."

"I do love these ancient ruins; but I do not  
We never tread upon them, but we seek  
Our feet upon some revered history."

The merry bells were all ringing; the royal standard of England flung forth its brodered folds from the tower's grim battlements; the old bridge with its tall overhanging houses, was crowded with holiday-drest spectators; and the fair river, sparkling in the sunbeam, and reflecting a cloudless sky, glided proudly on, bearing, on his placid bosom, barges gay with pennon and streamer, and each filled with a gallant freight of high birth and beauty. King Henry had set out that day to hold "joustings" at Greenwich: and there, close beside the tower stairs, surrounded by rich-liveried serving men and silken-coated pages, vainly striving to keep back the rude crowd from pressing round to gaze on her youth and beauty—stood Frances, eldest daughter of the chivalrous Charles Brandon, and wife of the wealthy Marquess of Dorset; her amber tresses were gently confined by a jewelled coil; she wore a collar of pearls, the diamond clasp whereof alone out-valued six manors; and a murray-velvet gown designated her rank as marchioness, by its double train—one reverently borne by two attendant maidens, and the other drawn in graceful folds through her broad girdle; while the mantle of rich ermine—a yet prouder symbol, attested her claim to royal blood.

There was a haughty smile on that high-born lady's brow as she passed along, receiving, as her unquestioned right, the spontaneous homage always paid to nobility and beauty. She caressed the gallant merlin which sat on her jewelled glove, and looked up, with eye undimmed by sorrow to that blue expanse, whose cloudless transparency seemed a meet emblem of her own lofty fortunes. Her gilded barge with its liveried band of rowers drew near; and, leaning on the arm of her steward, conspicuous with his white wand and gold chain, she was preparing to descend the steps, when an old man, hitherto unnoticed amongst the crowd, came forward, close to her side, and said, "I have a message for thee." It was a look of mingled anger and wonder that this haughty lady cast on the meanly-dressed stranger; but the proud glance of the high-born marchioness quailed before

his steady gaze; her cheek grew pale, and her eyelid drooped; "he held her with his glittering eye," and said:

"Wouldst thou safely sail life's sea?  
Trust not to proud Argosie:  
Broad sail ill can blast withstand,  
Tall masts courts the levin brand;  
And wrecked that gallant ship shall lie  
While safe the light barque boundeth by.  
'Cloth of gold,' beware; beware:  
High and wealthy, young and fair:  
All these joys from thee must part,  
Carb thy proud mind—school thine heart.  
'Ware ambition: that shall be  
The fatal rock to thine and thee."

"Who dares insult me with unsought counsel?" cried the lady, anger having conquered the transient feeling of awe. "Who dares to name chance or change? sooner shall this wild haggard, whom jesses and creance will scarce keep on my wrist, return to me again, than sorrow or change shall visit Frances Brandon!" With angry hand she snapped the thread which secured her merlin, unloosed the jesses—and up soared the gallant bird, while her haughty mistress gazed with triumph on her proud flight.

"Alas!" cried the old steward, "Alas! for the beautiful bird with her gorgeous hood and collar; may she not be reclaimed?"—"Speak not again of her!" proudly replied the marchioness, "onward! time and tide wait for no man!" She threw herself on the tapestried couch in her barge, the rowers seized their oars, the flutes and recorders made soft music; when, as if close beside her, she heard a clear whisper, "Pass on! What shall be, shall be; time and tide wait for no man!" She looked up; no one was near her; but the dark shadow of the tower frowned sternly in the sunshine, like an omen of ill. Onward glided the gilded barge to the soft strains of music and light dash of the oars, and like a summer cloud fled that solemn warning from the proud lady's mind.

There is high feasting at Bradgate; for princely Northumberland is there. Each day two hundred hounds are unkennelled, and two hundred knights and nobles range through the broad green alleys and fern-clad glades of Charnwood Forest, and return ere eventide to lead the dance in the lofty halls. And now the bright autumn sun is sinking behind the purple heather-spread hills, and the gallant train are returning from the merry greenwood. On the broad sloping terrace that fronts the setting sun, the Lady of Bradgate, (with brow as haughty, and almost as fair, as when, fifteen years before, she stepped into her gilded barge,) and now Duchess of

Suffolk, stands listening with glad ears to the lofty projects of that bold bad man, the Duke of Northumberland. King Edward is dying; his sisters are at variance: the royal blood flows in the veins of the haughty duchess. "Why should not her eldest daughter, and his son, reach at once the very summit of their long-cherished hopes?" The stake is high; and for it they may well venture a desperate game: the prize is no less than the crown of England.

Close behind them, unnoticed by the ambitious mother, save as the fittest instrument of her daring schemes, stands one, whose touching and romantic history has thrown a spell around every relic of now ruined Bradgate. She, the nursing of literature, the young philosopher, to whose mind the lofty visions of classical antiquity were familiar as household faces; she, who in such early youth fled from all that youth mostly loves, to hold high communion with the spirits of long-buried ages; there stands Lady Jane, with a book in her hand, her nut-brown hair parted on her high intellectual forehead. Her bright hazel eye shrinks from the cold glance of her haughty and unloving mother, but dwells with girlish pleasure on the venerable features of that plainly dressed man, in scholar's gown, standing close beside her. He is Roger Ascham, the tutor of three queens, who may well be termed the most illustrious of schoolmasters.

The sun had barely descended, when the steward appeared, bringing tidings that three messengers had just arrived, each demanding instant admission to the duchess. The daughter of that fortunate knight, whose "cloth of frize" had matched so highly and happily with "cloth of gold,"—the wife of that powerful noble, over whose broad lands 'twas fabled that the falcon could stretch his rapid wing right onwards for a long summer day—the mother of a goodly family, each wedded or betrothed to the scions of the flower of the land's nobility—yet prouder in the plans and hopes she had framed than in all her enjoyed gifts of fortune, the duchess retired to receive her messengers with the feelings of a queen about to grant an audience. The first entered, and, kneeling before her tapestried footstool, presented a packet of letters. The silken string was soon loosed; the perfumed seal quickly broken; and she read, with uncontrollable delight, that the weak and amiable young king had determined to set aside his sisters' succession in favour of the powerful house of Suffolk.



This messenger being dismissed with rich gifts and kind speeches, a second drew near. And more welcome than the former were his tidings; the king was dying: the active agents of Suffolk and Northumberland had ripened their plans for the instant proclamation of her daughter, ere the heiress of the throne could know of his decease. Wrapt in deep visions of regal splendour, half dazzled by the near prospect of the coming glories of her princely family, the duchess sat unconscious of the entrance of the third messenger. At length her eyes fell upon the well-remembered features of the mysterious stranger, seen long years back on a former occasion of triumph. "Yet one more warning—and the last!" said the old man, drawing from beneath his cloak the merlin she had loosed as an emblem of her soaring destiny. He placed it on her hand: her proud boast rushed overpoweringly on her mind. The very merlin, whose return she had linked with chance and change, as things alike impossible—that bird was before her, bright as when she had freed her wing, with her collar of gold fillagree set round with turquoise, and hood of crimson silk netted by her own fingers!—Whence come? What boding? As soon as she had somewhat recovered from the shock, she looked around: but the messenger was gone; and with heavy footsteps, her joy changed to anxious fear, she regained the terrace.

The dreams of ambition can wrap, in the calm apathy of fearless repose, even those who feel themselves doomed by a thousand omens: and ere three days were over, princely Bradgate rang with mirth and revelry. Northumberland and Suffolk had concluded a double alliance of their children: all the terrors of the duchess were forgotten; and her eye rested with proud complacency on the simple beauty of the Lady Jane, for she already saw the crown of England sparkling upon her gifted but sentenced daughter's sweet disapproving brow.

An iron lamp dimly shows a low vaulted room; the damp floor scantily strewn with withered rushes. The flickering light falls upon a rude couch, where lies in disturbed slumber, a woman, whose features, though wasted by long sickness and sorrow, yet show some faint traces of former beauty. A single attendant watches over her. Only by the ermined robe that wraps the sleeper, or by the gold-clasped bible, opened where the vellum leaf bears in

beautiful characters the name JANE GREY, would a stranger learn that the mother of that queen of a day—the proud Duchess of Suffolk lay before him—a prisoner in the tower. The bolts of the iron-barred door grate harshly; and the governor of the tower euters, with an order, "*For Frances Brandon to be sette at libertye, thro' ye Queen's great clemencie.*" This once-powerful and dreaded woman is considered too weak and insignificant to excite the fears even of the jealous Elizabeth. Supported by the arm of her sole attendant, the half-awakened sleeper threaded her way through many an intricate long winding passage; until the cool damp night breeze, and the plash of onrs, indicate their approach to the water-gate.

Here the liberated prisoner stood for a moment and looked wildly around her: the place brought vague and painful sensations to her memory, and dim remembrances of all that she had been and suffered, were crowded into a few hurried thoughts of agony.

"The boat waits, and the tide is on the turn," cried the rough waterman. "Come away, madam!"—"Ay," replied a distinct voice, close at her side, "onward! time and tide wait for no man." That voice was well-known: it had been heard when she stepped into her gilded barge, with a pride that repelled all thought of sorrow; it sounded when a royal crown was ready to clasp with delusive splendour the sweet brow of Lady Jane;—now, son, daughter, and husband, had fallen beneath the axe of the headsman, and she was thrust from prison, a houseless wanderer, herself dependant, perchance, on the precarious bounty of her ere-while dependants. She drew the mantle over her throbbing brow, and her reason quivered and well-nigh failed beneath the weight of her remorse and bitter anguish.

The sorrowful life of Frances of Suffolk ended about two years after her discharge from the tower. In bitter mockery of her fallen fortunes, Elizabeth, who so often "helped to bury those she helped to starve," decreed a magnificent funeral for her whose last days had passed in neglected poverty: honours, the denial of which had galled that haughty spirit more than want itself, were heaped with unsparing profusion upon the unconscious dust. Surrounded by blazing torches, bright escutcheons, and the broad banners of the noble house of Suffolk and the royal line of Tudor, surely we may hope her heart of pride was well laid to rest beneath the ducal coronet, and in the magnificent

chapel of Henry, from all the sorrows and changes of her eventful life.

Princely Bradgate sank with the fallen fortunes of its mistress. The house passed into the possession of a collateral branch of the family; and being, ere the lapse of many years, in great part destroyed by fire, fell into ruins. Grass of the brightest verdure still clothes its slopes; the wide-spreading chestnuts and the old decaying oaks still wear their most gorgeous livery; but Bradgate's proud towers are levelled with the ground. Save that velvet terrace, where the crown of England was given in prospect, and worn in fanny, and from which sweet Lady Jane would look up to the west at the sun's bright setting, and commune with the spirit of Pluto—naught but crumbling walls and mouldering heaps of red earth, marks the site of its ancient magnificence.

#### TO A NEW VISITANT, ON A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

"One that from some unknown sphere  
Brings strange thoughts and feelings here:  
Dreams of days gone out of mind;  
Hints of home still left behind;  
Spring's fresh pastime, Winter's mirth,  
Smiles of Heaven, and tears of Earth."  
*The Blank Leaf.*

"Welcome, dear child, with all a father's blessing,  
To thy new sphere of mirth, light, and life!  
After the long suspense, the fear distracting,  
Love's strong, subduing strife.

Sealed with the smile of Him who made the Mornings,

Though to the matron charge of Eve consigned,  
Camest thou, my radiant babe, the mystic dawning  
Of one more deathless mind.

'Tis a strange world, they say, and full of trouble.

Wherein thy destined course is to be run:  
Where joy is deemed a shadow, peace a bubble,  
And true bliss known to none,

Yet to high destinies it leads,—to natures  
Glorious, and pure, and beautiful, and mild,  
Shapes all impassive to decay, with features  
Lovelier than thine, fair child!

To winged Beattitudes, for ever tending,  
Rank above rank, to the bright source of bliss,  
And, in ecstatic vision tranced, still blending,  
Their grateful love with His.

Then, if thou'rt launched in this benign direction,

We will not sorrow that thy porch is past:  
Come—many a picture waits thy young inspection,

Each lovelier than the last.  
What shall it be? on Earth, in Air, in Ocean,  
A thousand things are sparkling, to excite  
Thy hope, thy fear, joy, wonder, or devotion,  
Helices of rich delight.

Wilt thou, when Reason has her star implanted  
On thy fair brow, with Galileo war?  
Rove with Linnaeus through the woods, or  
haunted

Be by more charmed lore?

Shall thy-taught Painting, with her ardent  
feeling,

Her rainbow pencil to thy hand commit?  
Or shall the quivered spells be thine, revealing  
The polished shafts of Wit?

Or to thy fascinated eye, her mirror  
Shall the witch Poetry delight to turn,  
And strike thee warm to every brilliant error  
Glanced from her magic urn?

Flood her set, darling! she will smile benignly,  
So she may win thine inexperienced ear;  
But the fond tales she warbles so divinely  
Will cost thee many a tear.

She has a Castle, where, in death-like slumbers,  
Full of wild dreams, she casts her slaves;  
some break  
After long hurt, their golden chains: but  
numbers  
Never with sense awake!

She it was, dear, who in Greek story acted  
Such tragic masques; who in the grapes'  
disguise;  
Choked sweet Anacreon, Sappho's soul dis-  
tracted,

And seared old Homer's eyes:

Taken she tortured, Savage unsoftened;  
O'er Falconer's bones the wasted sea-weed  
spread:  
Chatterton poisoned, Otway starved, and blighted  
White with the early dead!

She too with many a smile thy sire has satisfied,  
Promising flowers, and fame, and garlands  
rare;  
Till youth was past, and then, he found, she  
scattered

Her vows and wreaths in air.

Shun then the Siren: spurn her laurels, dachalico,  
Though the bright nectar unceasing above the  
brim:

Least she should seize thee in her word of malice,  
And tear thee, limb from limb.

But to selecter influences, my beauty,  
Pay thy young vows,—to Truth, that ne'er  
beguiles,  
Virtue, fixed Faith, and unpretending Duty,  
Whose frowns beat Fancy's smiles.

Look on me, love, that in those radiant phases  
Thy future tastes and fortunes I may trace,  
O'er them alternate shade and sunshine pass,  
Enhancing every space.

Peace is there yet, and purity, and pleasure;  
With a fond yearning o'er the leaves I look:  
But the lid falls—farewell the enchanting trea-  
sure!

Closed is the starry book!

We must not abruptly leave "the Annuals" even in the case of their glory, without good wishes at parting. Summing up their merits collectively, they are equal to those of last year. The *Keepsake* is decidedly better. The pieces in most of them are of greater length; but the writers are paid by measure if not by value, and it is fit their souls should have elbow room. The reader will miss the *Comic Annual*. The witty editor has hood-winked us, and his Pantomime will not come out till after Christmas: may it prolong the little joys which bad times and worse changes have left us. Mr. Hood's "revenue is his good spirits" and when his volume appears we hope to tax it highly.

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